

State Taxes—Delinquent Lands for 1893

Notice is hereby given that I shall, in accordance with the law, as prescribed in section 651, Code 1887, during the December term of the Hustings Court of Richmond city, offer for sale the following described lands, or so much of them as may be necessary to satisfy the state taxes thereon, together with the penalties, interest, charges and costs of publication of this notice; provided, said taxes, penalties, interest, charges and costs be not paid before the day of sale.

CHARLES H. PHILLIPS,
Treasurer Richmond City.

MARSHALL WARD.

The Buster was a cyclone dressed in roundabout;
A whirling, dressed in pantaloons, full steam and just let out.

And where'er the Buster blew did ruin always cluster.

Upon the chaos that he made we'd gaze and sigh—

The Buster.

The Buster was a cyclone dressed in roundabout;

A whirling, dressed in pantaloons, full steam and just let out.

And where'er the Buster blew did ruin always cluster.

Upon the chaos that he made we'd gaze and sigh—

The Buster.

A track of devastation always followed in his wake.

For everything the Buster touched The Buster he would break.

It took all Christian charity our outraged souls could muster.

To live in the same edifice where domedical.

The Buster.

All peace of mind departed when he entered at the door.

For he sounded like a whirlwind rattling through a china store,

And like a charge of light dragoons, when led by General Custer.

He came down on our brita-a-brac and smashed it at the Buster.

The Buster.

And so throughout the neighborhood the people did not stay.

In proportion as he flourished did the people move away;

And sad departing caravans along the ways would cluster.

Driven from their homes and firesides by the onslaught of the Buster.

The Buster.

And no one asked the Buster's health, for all men understood

The Buster's chronic state of health was dangerously good.

But one day did his cheek grow pale, his eye it lost its lustre.

And we all gathered 'round his crib to see what ailed.

The Buster.

And when the fever reached his brain he wandered in his mind,

And played imaginary pranks, the same old pranks.

He sang his little rattling songs while all about did cluster.

They cheered his long way through the dark, the long way of

The Buster.

For he had started on that way—the mists grew cold and colder.

And no strong man, no hero soul, e'er marched upon him bold.

Bid him, the call which summons all to fate's eternal muster.

And with a smile upon his lips he answered back.

The Buster.

And so we watched The Buster standing by with bated breath.

And with sweet laughter in his eyes he neared the gates of death,

And the white mist of that dim shore drew him about him cluster.

And so he vanished in the mist we knew we loved.

The Buster.

We held his hand that we had led through many a devious track,

And wished that from the cold, cold fog that we might lead him back;

And when he said "Doo-by" to us we round his crib did cluster.

And thought how much we loved our boy—how glad he was—

The Buster.

The Dominie's Stroll.

"I'm going to see—" the Dominie said.

With a nod of his gray, sagacious head To a path that wound from the hillside down—

Away to a far-off seaport town—

"To see—" and he nodded, and off he went.

His hands behind and his wise head bent, And a far-seeking look in his kind blue eyes.

Fixed on some marvelous enterprise.

"To see!" cried his wife from the trellised door.

"What a man so queer before—

To start on a voyage as sudden as that, In his everyday coat and his garden hat?

Or ever a faithful, painstaking wife—

As worried as I each day of my life,

To know what he may do next? Attack!

Dominie, come back! Come back!"

But in vain she called, and in vain she wept.

The long-limbed Dominie, excellent man, Was up the road that led to the hill,

Striding along with a right good will.

So straightway the Innkeeper after her ran,

And so did the Beadle and Peony-Eun Man.

The Piper and Fiddler, still playing a pic.

And the Clerk with his pen and his gown and his wig,

The Doctor, riding his old grey nag,

Came jogging along with his saddle-bag;

And the Miller, too, stopped his wheel and his pipe,

With his daily hat on his floury head;

While, after each one there hurried his wife,

They followed the Dominie's provident wife,

Bewailing a husband who traveled like that in his every-day coat and his garden hat.

Back where the Dominie's lands began They bore her company every eve,

Condoling her care and her desolate state,

Till they came in sight of her garden gate.

And there, serenely shading his eyes, With a questioning look of pleased surprise,

Stood Peony-Eun Brown for all o' e'e.

"Now welcome to you, kind friends!"

"Quoth he."

"So fine a season it is for a stroll,

I too have refreshed my body and soul,

And have been to see—he nodded his head high round which they late had sped—

"If you path, if I followed it straight,

Would bring me around to my garden gate,

And it did!" The Dominie nodded and smiled,

While contentment shone in his blue eyes mild.

But nobody smiled and nobody stirred;

Only the Dominie's wife was heard,

Her eyes they flashed and she spoke more true,

"One never knows what such a man will do!"

—Virginia Wodward Cloud in St. Nicholas.

The School of Life.

Life calls us all some day to school,

A stern old taskmaster he;

He calls alike the sage, the fool,

He gives us teachings free.

The problems that he'd have us learn,

Are those we most would shun;

He cares not how much we may yearn,

For recess, and for fun.

There's no escape, we all must work,

In good faith with our task;

And he who would his duties shirk,

Will ever be the last.

And when we've learned our lessons all,

For some, rewards there be;

Life then doth close the big school door,

Deateth sets the scholars free.

J. A. W.

Professional Skill Baffled.

The Professional Catalogue Maker sat

work on the index of his great volume,

"Easy Reference Guide to Statistical Information." I'm in a dilemma.

His Friends—what's the matter?

The Professional Catalogue Maker—

Here's a subject I've got to index and I

can't find any name to index it under

but the one under which it people—

which would naturally expect to find it—The Chicago Record.

There were 1,073 dissections from the United States army during the year ending June 30, 1884. This improvement is attributable to better barracks and better chances for promotion.

Adams, Richard.

Adams, Richard.

Anderson, Mary E., Sarah A., Ella C. & D.

Anderson, Adaline F.

Bailey, James W.

Barrett, W. C. & Co.

Booth, Dr. E. G.

Bowden, Susan E.

Bristow, C. B. & C.

Buffin, P. G. & Tr. M. B. Lambert

Carrington, Jno. A. Est. and P. R. Est.

Carter, Caroline S.

Chesterfield, Wm. T.

Chesterfield, Wm. T.